

STATE NEWS.

Cream of the State Press—Drops of Turpentine and Grains of Rice from the East—Clusters of Grapes and Tobacco Stems from the North—Stalks of Corn and Grains of Wheat from the West—Peanuts and Cotton Seed from the South.

Bell & McKnight, merchants of Winston have assigned.

Charlotte, Wilmington and Raleigh are to be connected by telephone.

Burglars entered the Atlantic Coast Line freight depot at Wilson Tuesday night week and robbed the safe of \$150.

A team ran away in Concord a few days ago, crashed into an electric light pole and one of the horses broke its neck.

Mr. Nathan Johnson, a prominent young man, formerly of North Carolina, was fatally shot at Jasper, Fla., last week.

James Tomberlin, a 19 year-old boy, of Monroe, met a sad and untimely death near Weldon Wednesday by falling from a box car.

Governor Carr orders a special criminal term of Richmond Superior court to begin September 28th. There are twelve murder cases on the docket.

The Wilkesboro Chronicle says Stanley Walker has a child that has 12 toes and 11 fingers. The child is two months old and is doing well.

Spencer is the name of the new town near Salisbury where the Southern shops are located. The old shops at Salisbury will be abandoned.

Smithfield Herald: One morning last week a little child of Mr. P. Jernigan, of Meadow township, was so seriously burned that it died that evening.

The \$100,000 cotton mill at Elizabeth City will commence operations about November 1. The stock for this mill was subscribed by residents of the town.

"I have been making bad trades all my life," said a clever farmer at Greensboro last Friday. "I have never made but one good one," he continued, "and that was when I married."

Mr. Bryan made speeches in 21 counties in North Carolina and in 22 towns and rode for 475 miles over North Carolina soil, says Howard Banks in Charlotte Observer.

Charlotte News: The farmers report much suffering on account of the dry and exceedingly hot weather. Water in the pastures has disappeared and horses and cattle have a hard time getting enough water to drink.

Mr. B. B. Young, of Jubilee, had the misfortune to have a tobacco barn, containing seven hundred pounds of tobacco, burned one day last week. The fire originated from a defective flue, says the Lexington Dispatch.

J. H. F. Smith of Tweed brought in a sweet potato today that surprised the agricultural editor. It tipped the scales at 4 1/2 pounds, and Mr. Smith asks if any potato grower of Buncombe can beat it, says the Asheville Citizen.

The Populist of Swain county, at their convention Wednesday, endorsed the action of the Populist and Republican Executive Committee in recommending fusion, and adopted a plan of fusion between the two parties in that county.

Mr. S. Wittkowsky has not been posted about the new paper, but he says the gold campaign in Mecklenburg will open up next week. He says he expects to organize a goldbug club in Charlotte with 400 members.—Charlotte News.

Gastonia Gazette: Gold is going to a stiff premium in Gastonia. A \$10 coin of that much cursed but ever-sought metal was sold in this town within the past week for \$10 15, and we suppose the buyer wishes more at the same rate.

The A. T. & O. from Statesville to Charlotte having been relaid with new steel rails the schedule has been shortened. The run between the two points is now made in about 15 minutes less time than formerly, says the Statesville Landmark.

The general report from the farmers of this section is that they had fair success in curing, but the tobacco crop is below par in quality. There is, of course, some good tobacco, but the bulk of the crop lacks body and oil, says Webster's Weekly.

The Asheboro railroad, the property of Mr. A. F. Page, has been graded a distance of twenty-four miles by State convicts and the work of laying the rails and rails has begun. The work will be pushed with all vigor and it is expected that trains will be operated in a short time.

A call has been extended to Rev. James A. Weston, of Hickory, to become the assistant rector of Christ church, Raleigh. Rev. Dr. Marshall, rector. This a second time Mr. Weston has received a call to this charge. While he has as yet arrived at no decision in regard to the call. The Hickory Times understands that the call will probably be accepted.

Morganton Herald: Pink Perry, son of J. A. Perry, while attempting to cross the track in front of a shifting freight train at the Morganton depot, fell on the track and his right foot was caught by the car wheel and cut off. He died a few hours later.

Our handsome court house was accepted by the county commissioners Saturday. We claim the prettiest temple of justice in North Carolina. Insurance to the amount of \$30,000 has been taken out on the building for five years at a cost of \$600.—Murphy Scout.

The annual colored camp meeting came off at Vestibul last Sunday. A large crowd attended and we are informed that the usual gang of rowdies appeared and had their annual fight. One negro was shot in the leg; but no serious damage done, says the Shelby Aurora.

A certain man in town, who was not a Bryan man, saw it stated in the paper the day before Bryan came that he always brought rain. He swore that if Bryan brought rain to Charlotte he would vote for him. That afternoon it poured down. He says he'll keep his "swear."—Charlotte Observer.

Fayetteville Observer: Four tramps were found in an A. C. L. box car on the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley road last night by Mr. Murchison Fairley and the yard forces. They had broken the seal to the car and were opening a case of freight when discovered. They were taken to the guard house and locked up.

Statesville Landmark: Alex Brown a young colored man who lived at George Morrison's, about three miles from town, was killed by lightning Friday afternoon. He was in Morrison's yard when the lightning struck a small tree near him. The shock threw him to the ground, and death followed in a few minutes.

Goldsboro Headlight: While engaged in cutting down a tree on his plantation in Johnston county, Saturday morning, Mr. Gibson S. Peterson, aged 73, was struck by a heavy limb on the left side of his head, just as he jumped to save a water bucket from being crushed, receiving injuries from which he died early Monday morning.

Goldsboro Argus: The jury in the trial of the negro Charles Manly for attempt to wreck the "shock fly" on the night of the 29th of last November could not agree and a mistrial resulted. The case went over to the next term of the Superior court and Manly was put under a \$300 bond, in default of which he was lodged in jail to secure his appearance.

We hear that two negroes, Lewis Walker and Alex. Hairston became engaged in a row at Everhart's factory one day last week. Hairston started towards Walker with an open razor; the latter picked up a brick bat and threw it, hitting Hairston and injuring him so badly he died the next day. Walker escaped, says the Lexington Dispatch.

Ananias Harrington, who stands indicted for the wilful murder of Rufus Hackney in this county about the 1st of August, 1896, was captured on Wednesday of last week by Constable Knight, of Aberdeen, at Florence, S. C., where Harrington had a job of work on a railroad. He was sick when captured, and is still very unwell, says the Carthage Blade.

The extension of the Narrow Gauge railroad from Collettsville to Cranbury, which is now strongly talked of, will be a good thing for Hickory, and the subject should be encouraged by our business men and capitalists. The shops and general offices of the narrow gauge system ought to be located in Hickory, and we believe they will some time soon, says the Mercury.

Rutherford Democrat: Sebe Camp, colored, aged 19, was brought to his home here Wednesday from Saluda, and buried. He was killed at Saluda Monday evening in a singular way. He went out to a well to get a bucket of water, lost his balance and fell in head foremost. His neck was broken and death was instantaneous. It was some time after he fell in before the accident was discovered. Another report is that Camp was killed and thrown into the well.

Greenville Reflector: A murder occurred at Rocky Mount, Friday afternoon, about the time the crowd was getting off. A man named Jordan from Battleboro, shot and killed a man named Cadlett, from Nashville. The particulars as we heard them was that an old grudge existed between the two men. Jordan saw Cadlett in a barroom and tried to draw him into a fuss. Cadlett turned to walk away when Jordan drew a pistol and fired three rapid shots, every ball taking effect. Cadlett died in a few minutes. Jordan was arrested and placed in jail. Both were white men.

It is rumored that Mark Hanna's agents are distributing "honest convictions" in Jefferson county.—Farmer's Advocate.

STATE ISSUES.

Correspondence of the Progressive Farmer.

CONCORD, N. C.
It is time we Populists were discussing the issues of State upon which we shall make our fight in this campaign, and keep those issues plainly before the people. It is of the highest importance to the welfare of our State that the Democratic party be defeated this year. We can get no reform with this party in power, and we cannot maintain the wise measures already enacted by the legislature of 1895. There is no use to argue this proposition, for a party that would not give us relief when it was in power for years and years, will not do so when it stands trembling on the brink of the grave, just waiting for its funeral obsequies. Then to get a rule of, for and by the people, we must have a co-operation of Populists and Republicans, as only in these parties have we men of manhood and patriotism enough to hearken to the wants of the people. There is a great field for reform in nearly every avenue of our government. I think the legal fraternity of the State should give us the benefit of its advice in rectifying the many abuses of our present court system. Every one is well aware that our courts cost too much. The tax payers should cry out at the enormous expenses that are incurred, by law, of course, at each court. The magistrates should be given greater jurisdiction so as to keep out many frivolous cases out of court. Of course there should be given the right to appeal, but there is no sense in consuming the time of a court every time some fellow gets hit with a stick or rock and no serious damage is done. It might be well to give the magistrates jurisdiction in civil suits to amounts not exceeding \$1,000, and give the parties the right to appeal if they wish. This would take volumes of business out of court. There is a crying demand for reform along this line. I notice that C. W. T. Lett, Esq., is conducting in the Charlotte Observer a bureau that I think is very useful. He is discussing the many live issues that affect us every day from a lawyer's standpoint, and I hope THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER will also establish some such a bureau where we common people can get legal advice without employing so many lawyers. What do our people think of this suggestion? Suppose, for instance, that this paper get Judge Whitaker, or some other able jurist, to answer such questions of law and discuss such measures of reform as might be addressed to him through your columns? I know this would be of great benefit to all your readers.

The live issue that now confronts the voters of the State is the question of county government and election laws. The Democrats are opposed to a free ballot and a fair count, and unless they are defeated this year thousands of our citizens will be disfranchised. Even free silver, without free suffrage, would amount to nothing. It is useless to refer to the old Democratic election law with its bull pens, etc.; it is useless to see how Hon. C. H. Martin and others were counted out by Democratic retaining boards, and then vote for a continuation of these things. The fusionists gave us a joint and a fair election law and the Democratic platform declares against it, thereby showing their intention to return to fraudulent systems if they have the power. This question lies at the base of our liberty, and nothing is sure until this matter is settled. The ballot is of far greater importance in a Republic than even our Constitution, as the Constitution is at the mercy of the voter. How dearly then should we prize this great gift. E. H. Chapin says of the ballot box: "It is a grand thing—something which involves profound doctrines of right—something which has cost ages of effort and sacrifice; it is a grand thing that here, at last, each voter has just the weight of one man; no more, no less; and the meekness, by virtue of his recognized manhood, is as strong as the mightiest. And consider what it is to cast a vote. It is the token of inestimable privileges, and involves the responsibilities of an hereditary trust. It has passed into your hands as a right, reaped from fields of suffering and blood. The grandeur of history is represented in our act. Men have wrought with pen and tongue, and pined in dungeons and died on scaffolds, that you might obtain this symbol of freedom, and enjoy this consciousness of a sacred individuality. To the ballot have been transmitted, as it were, the dignity of the sceptre and the potency of the sword. I know that the arena in which it stands is trodden into the mire by the feet of reckless ambition and selfish greed. The wire-pulling and the bribe-taking, the pitiful trucking and the grotesque compromises, the exaggeration and the detraction, the melodramatic issues and the sham patriotism, the party watchwords and the party nicknames, the schemes of the few paraded as the will of the many, the elevation of men whose only worth is in the votes they command—vile men, whose

hands you would not grasp in friendship, whose presence you would not tolerate by your fireside—incompetent men, whose fitness is not in their capacity as functionaries, or legislators, but as organ pipes; the snatching at the slices and offal of office, the intemperance and the violence, the gain and the glory; these are indeed but too closely identified with that political agitation which circles around the ballot box."

J. G. Whittier says of the poor voter on election day:

"The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the many year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The humble and the unknown;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot box my throne."

Who serves to-day upon the list,
Beside the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand.
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day;
And the weakest broadcloth counts no more
Than home spun frock of gray."

O, that the laboring people of to-day would but appreciate the power and grandeur that lies in a ballot! If they would do this any law for their alleviation and betterment could be passed, labor would get its deserts along with capital, and Congress would be turned into an Alliance and labor meeting. There is no use for us humble folks to curse and kick and go ragged and work hard and live on sawdust and drink branch water and then turn around and vote against the men and measures that would benefit us. Might just as well expect to get reform in a Democratic caucus as to expect better things and not vote for them. If we vote right and then get no relief then is the time to raise Cain and hail Columbia until the star-spangled banner weeps for rest.

Voters of North Carolina, for the first time in years we have a people's government in our State given us by the people's representatives. We come before you again and beg you to help us continue this people's rule; we warn you against the ring rule of the Democrats where the people had no voice in the selecting of magistrates, commissioners, registrars, etc., and by virtue of the justice of their cause we demand your vote for the reform movement. We point with pride to the 6 per cent. interest law we gave the people, and promise a continuance of it. The Democrats will be likely to give us an 8 or a 10 per cent. law so as to curry favor with the money lenders. Mr. Cy. Watron admits the wisdom of the acts of 1895 when he refuses to discuss them, and swings off on national issues which do not come within his province. Taken all in all, no such legislature ever assembled in our State as the last one. It well cared for the interest of every man, no matter how humble or how exalted he was. And our next legislature will do still more for our people. It will bring millions of dollars here and put them to work in our midst. It will insure us forever afterwards an anti Democratic autocratic rule. Now, what shall we do as to the candidates for Governor when we have two gentlemen, both belonging to the reform ranks, running in opposition to each other? I think it very foolish that such is the case and as an humble voter, I demand that this ticket be united so as to give us the reform we demand. One man, I care not how able or honest he is, is too small a matter to stand in the way of this great movement. So, the question comes who shall withdraw from the race in the interest of reform, Mr. Russell or Mr. Guthrie? Personally I have nothing against either gentleman, but, sir, I say that one of them ought, of his own free will, get out of the way and let us defeat the party of fraudulent elections. Judge Russell was a great factor in the accomplishment of our victory and our laws in our last campaign. He did our cause great good and he is entitled to great recognition at the hands of our people. I am aware that there is some opposition to his candidacy from his own party, but the greater opposition a man has, as a rule, the greater is that man. I, for one, would not be ashamed to see him Governor. On the other hand, Mr. Guthrie is all that could be expected of a true gentleman, an able lawyer and a good Populist. He would fill the office with honor to his party and his State. If neither of these gentlemen will come down then there should be some understanding that we, the people, in order to effect certain results shall, both Republicans and Populists, vote in the whole for only one of them. At least one party should give the other party enough votes to insure an anti Democratic State government. This is of the first importance and it does look to us common folks as if a little common sense should be brought into play in our State politics. It has been worse than baby playing along with both Republicans and Populists, but it is time to quit fooling now and get down to business. If nothing else will do, let the whole shebang withdraw and let the Republicans and Populist hold a union State convention and put up a winning ticket. This is not practicable, but it would be better than four years of Democratic rule. Let the people sing out on our State matters. It is time to prepare for war.

G. ED. KESTLER.

A MAN OF THE MASSES.

Julian Hawthorne Describes the People's Love for Bryan.

Julian Hawthorne, writing from Pittsburg, gives the following account of the journey: At Crestline, where we stopped half an hour, I had my first opportunity of estimating Mr. Bryan's oratory. He had, indeed, ever since leaving Chicago, appeared at each stop on the steps of his car, and had often spoken a few words of greeting and acknowledgement. But there was no opportunity for action in these brevities, though they sufficed to indicate that the man needed a large canvass to do himself justice.

But at Crestline the people were to be numbered by the thousands instead of hundreds, and there was a brass band, flags and a decorated stand for Bryan to speak from. He left his car, and as he ascended the platform was greeted with roars of applause. Half a dozen cannons had been fired as the train rolled into the station. In his short sack coat, his head bared, and standing solidly on both feet, he began to speak.

His is an ideal figure for an orator. His stalwart, broad shouldered presence fills and satisfies the eyes; his face, with its black eye brow, and strong features, shows the expression of a force; indeed, Bryan reminds one at times both of Edwin Booth and of John McCullough. It is an expression at once of poignancy and breadth, such as must needs belong to a great actor, but only occasionally falls to the lot of a statesman.

Standing square, with an easy swing of the shoulders and a graceful action of both arms, alternately or in an unison, Bryan made a short but powerful address, every sentence of which was punctuated with applause. His voice is of admirable quality, deep, clear, resonant and of great carrying power. He brought out word after word with deliberate emphasis, and the more important phrases were delivered with immense energy, involving not merely the arms, but the head and the whole body. He seemed, in these impassioned moments, to be actuated by a force greater than his own, yet which found in him a perfect instrument.

In point of action, Bryan recalls the greatest of living orators, Gladstone. There is the same ease, harmony and vanity. But Gladstone had also a gentle, half-playful, colloquial vein, which he often employed in the House with great effect. Bryan, in this short speech, had no time for playfulness. He hammered his truths into the audience with strokes of Thor's hammer, and they responded with roars and shrieks of approbation. What resources he may hold in reserve for other moods and occasions, I have yet to learn, but I am already confident that he can hold his New York audience, and perhaps produce results more vital than any responsible prophet dare expect to tell.

His greatest triumph of all was perhaps in Canton, the home of McKinley. The latter gentleman himself did not show at the depot, but most of his fellow townspeople did, and no crowd along the route has been more enthusiastic or more intelligent. A great many of them were well looking and well-to-do, and there was a great number of pretty girls, who wore Bryan favors, and risked suffocating in the effort to see him. An enterprising photographer climbed with his machine to the roof of the depot and took snapshots at Bryan addressing the crowd from the platform of a freight car. The band played, and the cheering was almost continuous. The Republican nominees must have heard it, and it may have set him thinking.

Meanwhile the heat is terrific, and the question arises, how long can Bryan hold out? Were he a fresh man to-day, the task which confronts him between now and Thursday morning is enough to daunt a strong man, but the Nebraska man seems made of iron, and he has shown no signs of succumbing. Besides success such as his goes far toward renewing flagging energies.

I confess I was not myself prepared for the unmistakable sincerity and almost passionate enthusiasm which have met Mr. Bryan at every town and village along our route. The demonstration began at the Chicago railway station. A crowd of the employees of the road were gathered there; begging for "Just one kind word, Mr. Bryan," and when one of them called out, "I was a Republican till this day, but I'll vote for you, Mr. Bryan," the announcement was approved with shouts. At Valparaiso, a name associated in my mind with Spanish gold rather than American silver, there was a tumultuous crowd at 1:30 in the morning, who welcomed the candidate with music, fireworks and cheers.

Throughout the small hours, as the train swept along, the noise of shouting rose and died away in the distance. From unseen throats the greeting was passed on continuously from station to

station like the fiery cross of the ancient Scottish Highlanders, and the flame of welcome and godspeed was never suffered to go out. The people came to see Bryan, but he was not a more interesting spectacle to them than they were to us.

The mass of them were people—men in dirty shirts and bad hats, hairy armed, rough handed farmers, small storekeepers, day laborers, clerks and their wives, sisters and children. Bare-headed and barefooted many of them; mothers and fathers, with babies in their arms. These folks had stayed up all night to see the silver candidate pass by, to hear the sound of his voice; perhaps by good luck to touch his hand, and at sunrise at Fort Wayne they were mustering by hundreds, their breakfast still uneaten.

The numbers grew as we passed on, and the stifling night was succeeded by the sweltering day. They did not assemble thus for their health, not for fun, nor from curiosity. You could not look in their multitudinous homely faces, pinched and hardened by laborious days and narrow circumstances, without feeling that they were in earnest, in desperate earnest. They did not know to express their feelings gracefully and becomingly. They had never heard of Delserie. All they could do was to grin and laugh excitedly and to utter ever and anon, singly or in concert, that shrill "Hi, hi, hi!" which passes in country districts for a cheer.

But you saw the motive power of these abortive demonstrations in their eyes, in the strained, tense look concentrated with painful unanimity on that single figure in the black alpaca sack coat and the gray felt hat who stood on the step of the car bowing and giving both his hands to all who could fight their way through the wedged mass to grasp them. It was a look such as drowning men bend on approaching succor, a pathetic, you might say terrible look. He was their new Messiah, their Avatar, the Moses who was to show them the way from bondage to the promised land.

Their minds, unbroadened by culture, but by all the more vehement in conviction, believed that in Bryan they had a man who could lighten their load and make hard times easy and bring them free silver for their needs, and Bryan, be it added, accepts this awful responsibility with a cheerful courage and constancy. He, too, is one of the poor people, and no one has deeper faith in the truth and righteousness of the cause than he.

The proportion of women in these wayside gatherings is surprising. There are the young unmarried girls, who hope that better times will bring them good husbands, and older women, who have long known the pinch and strain of domestic poverty, and now look forward with tremulous anticipation to some measure of relief and relaxation. They stand and gaze with their fingers on their lips. They have prayers in their hearts. May the day of oppression pass and justice be done!

The eagerness of all just to see, if they may not hear and touch, is tremendous. They mob the moving train at risk of life and limb. Old men painfully hoist themselves up by the joint of a railway shed to get one momentary glimpse, which they will remember always. Younger and more active persons clamber up on perilous roofs, whence they look down upon the scene triumphant. The man in the new summer suit, with his best girl, who is afraid to venture into that tumultuous throng, stands on tiptoe until nature can endure no more. Oh, for an X-ray to give power of sight through a thousand backs or a faculty of astral projection to send one's person where his heart is!

I call this a touching as well as an impressive spectacle. Nowhere about it is the trail of the professional politician. With every vote given for Bryan in this election will go the heart of the giver. As I said yesterday, the force behind the man is so vast as to be incalculable. You can estimate it no more than you can the strength of the buffet dealt by a Western tornado. It is elemental. No man, be he ever so great, can be more than the instrument of such a power.

The people look at Bryan because they see in him the embodiment of all their hope of better things. Were he Apollo and Julius Caesar in one, and had not this representative quality, not a man of all their thousands would turn to glance at him. No one bears this truth more loyally in mind than Bryan himself. To his courage and cheerfulness he adds absolute modesty. If he felt anything personal in these hundreds of miles of applause voices he would not wish to hear them. He is too ambitious to be personal. He is resolved that greatness, if he attains it, shall be the result of great duties faithfully done.

Every trust, every monopoly, every gambling establishment, every miser in America is for the gold standard. Why?—Pa. Farmer.